MEMORIALS

Col. Richard Owen

THE GOOD SAMARITAN OF
CAMP MORTON

Sam Davis

THE BOY HERO OF TENNESSEE

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN
NASHVILLE, TENN.

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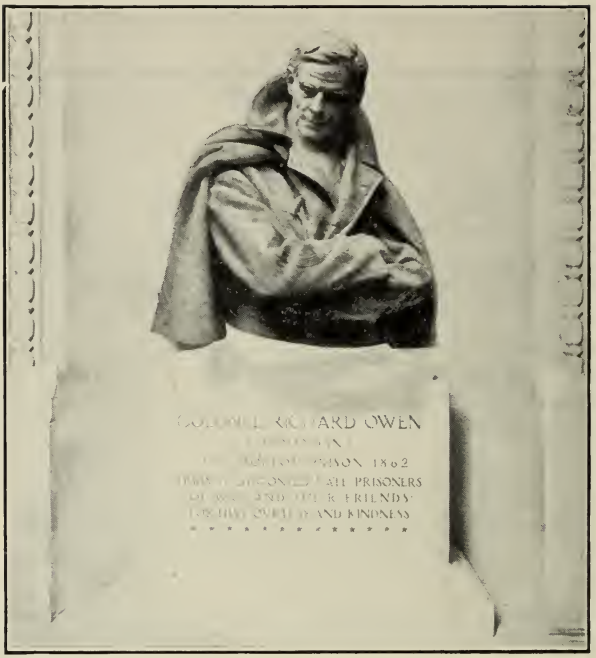
AN EXPLANATION.

THIS memorial booklet was in course of preparation by Mr. Cunningham when he was stricken with fatal illness. Without knowing his plans fully, it has been completed as nearly as possible as he would have made it. The list of Confederate dead in Indiana which was to have been included was published in the *Veteran* for January and February by his plan, and part of the type had been distributed before it was known that it should have been held for the booklet. However, those copies of the *Veteran* can be furnished any who desire that list.

The Richard Owen Memorial was considered by Mr. Cunningham as the crowning act of his life, and his joy in its completion is realized when reading the account given by him of the dedication.

Vice President Marshall's speech of acceptance was most happily expressed, and it was a great disappointment that no copy of it could be procured for publication. He spoke extemporaneously, and the speech was not reported for the press; hence it could not be included with the *Veteran's* account of the dedicatory exercises. The ceremonial day had been fixed for June 9th in order that Mr. Marshall might participate, as it was under his administration that the memorial had been inaugurated, and Mr. Marshall had shown his hearty sympathy with the movement.



MEMORIAL TO COL. RICHARD OWEN IN THE STATE CAPITOL AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

THE Richard Owen Memorial is in place and is as well done as the promoter could wish. He believes it is the crowning act of his life. It was built with the greatest possible economy, but unstintedly as regards quality of material and skill of the superior artist. The VETERAN designates it as a memorial because it is a sacred tribute to an eminently good man, a man who had the courage to do right whatever might be the cost to him in rank or reputation.

The resolution submitted to both houses of the Indiana Legislature in 1911 indicates the modest aspirations in the outset — viz., to place a memorial tablet so that the people of Indiana, the nation, or any country in the world whose people may visit the Capitol of Indiana, people who have erected the grandest monument to its soldiers in all the wars in its history, will learn a lesson not merely of the kindness of Colonel Owen, but of the appreciation of Southern men and women after fifty years. The resolution referred to, submitted by Hon. W. W. Spencer, is as follows:

"House Concurrent Resolution No. 12:

"Be it resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring therein, that the Governor of this State be authorized to permit the surviving Confederate prisoners who were confined in Camp Morton during the War of the States to erect a tablet to the memory of Col. Richard Owen for his kindness shown such Confederate prisoners; and that the Governor be authorized to designate the spot where said tablet shall be placed, either in the Statehouse, on the grounds of the Statehouse, or the soldiers' monument in the city of Indianapolis."

The resolution was unanimously passed, and the clerk was directed to inform the Senate of its passage.

The petition, it will be seen, does not mention any name. Confederate prisoners and their friends have the distinction, though the Editor of the VETERAN conceived the idea and bore the burden of responsibility. It is to honor all alike.

REASON FOR THE RICHARD OWEN MEMORIAL.

[Introductory to the proceedings Governor Ralston presented Dr. H. M. Hamill, of Nashville, Chaplain General Army of Tennessee Department, who read an explanatory statement, submitted by S. A. Cunningham, the author, and the consideration that suggested it.]

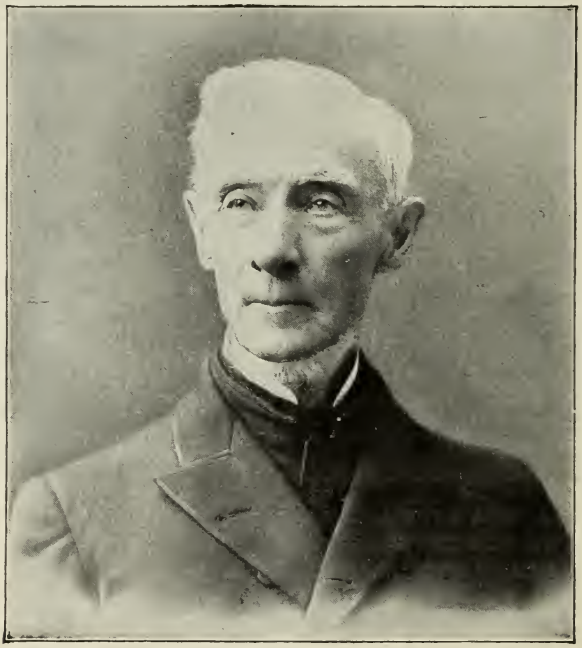
As one of least significance among more than four thousand prisoners of war confined in Camp Morton fifty-one years ago, it has been my good fortune to have erected here in your State Capitol a memorial to one of your best men. I have done it through the aid of fellow prisoners, other comrades, and our friends. My conviction is that, in so far as undying souls take cognizance of what is done after their careers have been ended, more than four thousand are glad with me, and that in the greatest reunion ever to occur there will be greeting to me for this deed. Anticipating that joy, I requested of your Governor, Samuel M. Ralston, the privilege of a back seat in this ceremony. However, some one knowing the reason for this event should explain it, as a large majority of those present were not born at that time; so I submit this brief account.

In the South's disaster at Fort Donelson, Tenn., on February 16, 1862, about eight thousand prisoners were taken, and half of us were brought here. Preparations had not been made, and we were subjected to much suffering from cold and hunger—cold throughout that bitter winter and hunger for about two weeks. The prisoners were angry with each other, and the entire day's rations were eaten immediately. When the supply was sufficiently large to divide the day's food, each prisoner would carry his haversack wherever he went, not trusting his bunk mates with it. While these deplorable conditions prevailed, the prison commandant, Colonel Owen, was busy all day and much of the night in doing all he could to ameliorate conditions. This fact soon became so apparent that the prisoners discussed him in regard to it; and throughout the intervening half century the only complaint I ever heard was made by a man who had escaped from Camp Morton and, being recaptured hundreds of miles away, was handcuffed by his captor, and blamed Colonel Owen for it.

MRS. NORA OWEN ARMSTRONG, OF MEMPHIS, TENN., WHO UNVEILED THE MEMORIAL, IS A GRANDDAUGHTER OF COL. RICHARD OWEN AND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HORACE P. OWEN, OF NEW HARMONY, IND.

Colonel Owen was criticized by an Indianapolis paper for "showing too much consideration for the prisoners," and we believed his transfer was because of that. His defense is given, happily, in full in the war records; and it demonstrates that he firmly believed that the Union would be restored, that his treatment of the Southerners under his charge would tend to speed the day, and that a "more perfect Union" would result. He was as patriotic in this as when rushing to the charge in battle.

During Colonel Owen's active field service he was conspicuous for his ability and his courage. He confronted Gen. R. E. Lee at Cheat Mountain, Va.; he rendered important service at Arkansas Pass, where the Federal victory was com-



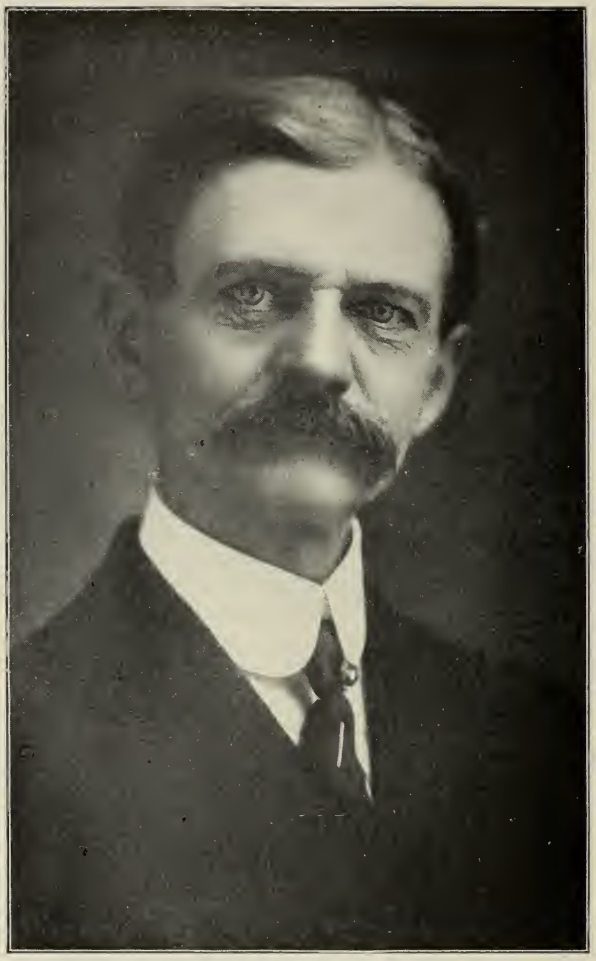
COL. RICHARD DALE OWEN.

plete; and in the Kentucky campaigning the army commander showed extraordinary regard for the skill with which he carried forward expeditions, much of the time in command of a brigade. It is a pleasing memory that when he was captured at Munfordville, Ky., the Confederate general in command rode up to him on the field of surrender and said: "Colonel Owen, in consideration of your kindness to prisoners at Camp Morton, you are free to go at will."

If there is a Providence that directs our deeds, I express humble gratitude for seeing the name "Ernest Dale Owen" on a law card on one of the great buildings in Chicago some years ago. Instantly I entered the building, took an elevator, and called. The gentleman, in response to my story that I was a prisoner in Camp Morton in 1862 and called hoping I could learn something of Colonel Owen, who was in command there, showed me the most cordial consideration; and I was gratified to learn that, though the Colonel was dead, he had a son, Mr. Horace P. Owen (who served on his father's staff), a resident of New Harmony, Ind. Correspondence with Mr. Horace Owen has been delightful; and I learned the amazing fact that just before the beginning of hostilities his father, who was Prof. Richard Owen, was associated with Bushrod R. Johnson (afterwards a major general in the Confederate army) in conducting educational work in Nashville, Tenn.

So nearly all of the Camp Morton prisoners are dead that I had an ambition personally to pay tribute to Colonel Owen. (Your invitations to this ceremony mention him as Richard Dale Owen. The middle name is omitted from the tablet purposely, for in the "War Records" his name is given officially as Richard Owen.)

More than two years ago I called upon your Governor, Thomas R. Marshall, now our Vice President of the United States, and more recently upon your Governor, Samuel M. Ralston; and to them, with many citizens, including veterans, I express unfeigned gratitude for their cordial and zealous cooperation in all arrangements for this event, and I especially mention Hon. W. W. Spencer, who prepared and submitted the first resolution to your State Legislature.



VICE PRESIDENT THOMAS R. MARSHALL, UNDER WHOSE ADMINISTRATION AS GOVERNOR OF INDIANA THE OWEN MEMORIAL WAS INAUGURATED.

While at the outset my ambition was to place simply a bronze tablet in your beautiful Capitol, the encouragement from the Southern people and the inspiration of a gifted Southern woman, Miss Belle Kinney, the daughter of a Confederate soldier, made this memorial of esteem and gratitude such that I fear no criticism from future generations.

Gratitude to the memory of Colonel Owen is the stronger because he was succeeded by a very different kind of man, whom we designated as a "renegade Kentuckian."

Contributions to this memorial are the more appreciated

GOV. S. M. RALSTON, OF INDIANA.

because they have come unsolicited; and whatever may be the personal sacrifice in money, it is given without stint, as it is the most satisfactory undertaking of a lifetime, and I have learned a new lesson by associating with Indiana Hoosiers.

Gov. S. M. Ralston Presided.

Gov. Samuel M. Ralston, who succeeded Governor (now Vice President) Marshall, entered most cordially and heartily into the dedicatory service and presided at the ceremony, making the following brief address:

"We are here to-day to pay tribute to the merits of a brave and generous man and to advance the cause of peace. 'Peace on earth, good will toward men' is an American motto, and we are ready to hail as a brother every man who is helping to make that motto dominant in the lives of men and of nations. It is a great thing to be brave physically; but fortunately for society and the building of nations, neither war nor the war spirit is essential to the development of high moral qualities.

"Col. Richard Owen was physically courageous, but it is impossible to imagine a display of physical courage on his part that would have suggested this event in commemoration of his life. It has its source in virtues possessed by him far superior to anything of a transitory character. In the early part of 1862, while serving his country as colonel of the 60th Indiana Regiment, he had the power of the sword over the Confederate soldiers committed to his keeping in Camp Morton. Upon the surrender of Fort Donelson, in February of that year, four thousand Confederates became his prisoners. They were half starved, half clothed, and half frozen when they came to him. Human endurance was nearing its limits with them. The demands of nature made them restless, but as speedily as possible Colonel Owen provided them with whatever relief he could command.

"Colonel Owen was a humane man. He regarded himself as his brother's keeper. The elements of nobility were so mingled in his nature that, though he was vested with absolute authority, he preferred the power of the heart to the power of the sword over those under him. He commanded

through love. This gave him a place in the affections of the boys who wore the gray as enduring as life. Out of their love and the love of their loved ones sprang a desire to express in some material form their appreciation of his kindness to fallen foes. In carrying out this desire we have the heart offerings of Confederate soldiers represented by the magnificent piece of art we have assembled to unveil. We should never look upon it without recalling the noble qualities of heart and soul of S. A. Cunningham, who took the initiative in this memorial and consummated the same with much cost to himself in time, labor, and money. Nor should we contemplate this work without a feeling of appreciation of the genius of Miss Belle Kinney, the brilliant young sculptress who wrought it. She has made it reflect in a high degree both thought and feeling. And what a splendid tribute it is to peace—to peace that is truly national in its influence! How creditable it is alike to both giver and receiver, now one and inseparable under 'Old Glory'!

"My friends, I have requested Judge Comstock, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic in Indiana, to present to you Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. It occurred to me that it would be appropriate indeed to have these two distinguished citizens in their representative capacities occupy seats side by side on this platform, and the one to present the other to you. They have both served their country well in different positions, but I doubt if either was ever afforded a more agreeable opportunity than this to plead for a broader patriotism."

Judge Comstock made a most appropriate and pleasing address, but it was not in manuscript and could not be secured for publication.

Gen. Bennett H. Young's Presentation Speech.

I find in no history a counterpart of the exercises which have brought this audience together. It is possible only in a republic where the intelligence and patriotism of its people have reached the highest standard. The former enemies of

MISS BELLE KINNEY, OF TENNESSEE, THE GIFTED YOUNG SCULPTOR WHO MADE THE OWEN MEMORIAL BUST.

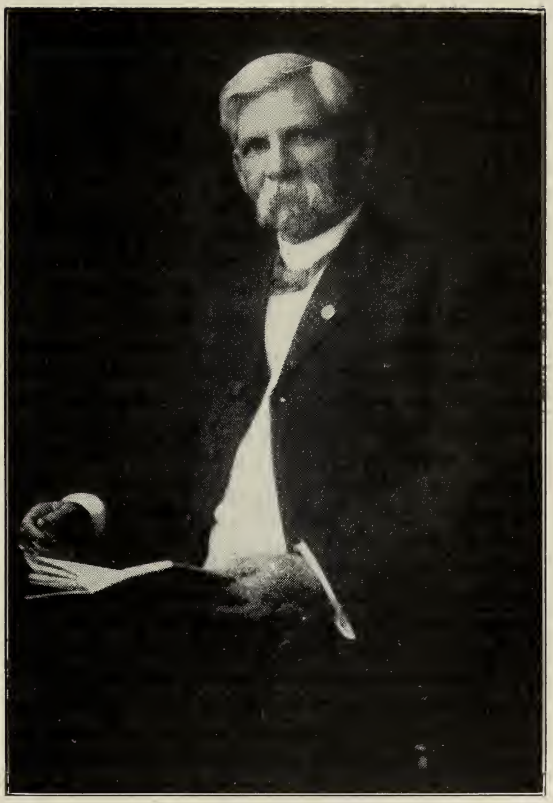
a brave and gallant soldier have come to build a monument to one who was their foe on the battle field. They have come to point to Richard Owen as one of the great men, a man whose name sheds renown upon the State of Indiana.

S. A. Cunningham was surrendered at Fort Donelson in the early part of 1862, and was brought as a prisoner of war to Camp Morton. Remembering with gratitude the courtesy and kindness of this brave and honorable man, Mr. Cunningham, determining to show appreciation for himself and his fellow prisoners, most of whom are dead, undertook among the men and women of the South to raise sufficient funds to secure and erect this statue. Other monuments have been erected to the soldiers of Indiana, but none has such a delightful flavor of gratitude and love as this memorial which the men and women of the South turn over now to the State of Indiana for perpetual preservation.

As the representative of the South I may be permitted to say in perfect frankness and candor some things on this occasion. This act must not be interpreted in any way as recognizing that the people of the South condone or approve of the treatment meted out to Confederate prisoners held at the various military prisons of the United States during the war. There are many sad things connected with the war that it is wise and patriotic to forget; nor shall I ignore proprieties on this occasion or utter a single word to arouse the least animosity which time has effectively softened. The charge that the South intentionally inflicted wrongs upon any Federal prisoner held in a Confederate prison was a most cruel and groundless slander. Malignant and bloodthirsty politicians, in order to inflame the passions and quicken the hatred of people of the North, undertook by misrepresentation to lead the people of the United States to believe that in the treatment of prisoners of war the Southern authorities deliberately inflicted cruelties upon the helpless men who were held at Andersonville, Raleigh, Florence, and Richmond. There was a time when the South was powerless to meet this cruel charge; but that time has long since passed, and history impartially, just and relentless for truth, has exonerated our people from this cruel and baseless charge.

The history of the exchange of prisoners held on both sides shows that if the policy and wish, not only of Jefferson Davis, Alexander Stephens, and Robert E. Lee, but of the Confederate Commissioner of Exchange, had been followed, no word of complaint could have arisen. In dealing with the questions that arose in connection with the war we must put ourselves in the same condition and bring about the same surroundings that affected the people of that day. We cannot take the men of 1861 to 1865 and place them with the men of 1913. All of the unhappy things of the war ought to be forgotten and will be forgotten, but there was never anything that cut so deeply the men and women of the South or that they resented more fiercely than this charge of systematic cruelty toward the prisoners of war. The limelight of history has swept aside all of the cobwebs that have gathered around us. Gen. B. F. Butler, who was Commissioner of Exchange, admitted that in dealing with the question of exchange of prisoners he intentionally put matters offensively for the purpose of preventing exchange; and so deep and so strong was the animosity of the people of the North against this refusal of exchange that he was compelled to justify himself with the following statement:

"I have felt it my duty to give an account with this particular carefulness of my participation in the business of the exchange of prisoners, of the orders under which I acted, and of the negotiations attempted, which comprises a faithful narration of all that was done, so that all may become a matter of history. * * * The anxiety of fathers, brothers, sisters, mothers, and wives to know the exigency which caused this terrible and perhaps, as it may have seemed to them, useless and unnecessary destruction of those dear to them by horrible deaths, each and all had compelled me to this exposition; so it may be seen that those lives were spent as a part of the system of attack upon the rebellion, devised by the wisdom of the General in Chief, U. S. Grant, of the armies to destroy it by depletion, depending upon our superior numbers to win the victory at last. The loyal mourners will doubtless derive solace from this fact and appreciate all the more highly



GEN. B. H. YOUNG, COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V.

the genius which conceived the plan and the success won at so great a cost." * * *

Col. Richard Owen, of the 60th Indiana Regiment, was assigned to the command of Camp Morton with forty-two hundred of the prisoners who had surrendered at Fort Donelson in 1862. Colonel Owen had himself known the people of the South, and a short time previous was a teacher in the Nashville Military Academy, associated with Gen. Bushrod R. Johnson, a man of Northern birth, who afterwards became major general of the Confederate army.

Colonel Owen took a distinguished part in the great war. He was criticized for his kindness to the prisoners under his charge and was subsequently sent to the front. * * *

Prominent women of Indiana have erected a monument in this city to Robert Dale Owen, who was so zealous in procuring a change in the Indiana laws whereby women could own and control their own property. That Indiana should have two monuments to two such brothers reflects great glory upon this splendid commonwealth; but it seems to us that of these two monuments, that to be preferred is this one erected by men who fought upon the side opposing Col. Richard Owen and who, after a lapse of half a century, are so mindful of his great kindness to them when helpless as prisoners of war as to come and ask the State of Indiana for the privilege of building a monument to one who became illustrious in his humanity.

He was merciful where others were merciless; he was humane where others were inhuman; he was gentle where others were malignant. He rose higher than the passions and prejudices of the hour in which he lived and acted. He was impelled by the highest, greatest, noblest instincts of philanthropy in his treatment of others who had by the misfortunes of war been placed in his charge. He was so patriotic that early during the war he offered his life to his country's call, and over and above this superb patriotism there was the gentle impulse for his fellow men in his great soul. He foresaw with the instincts of a patriot that some time or other the war would end, and he realized that war was nothing but organized barbarism, and his great heart rose higher than the currents of passion and prejudice. The truest elements of justice

and right caused him to treat kindly the men whom he had fought. He understood that, although they differed with him upon constitutional questions, they were entitled to that treatment which civilization accords to those who bear the impress of God.

Criticized and misjudged because he would not mistreat the men who by war's chance had been placed in his charge, he accepted the conditions with complacency, relying upon time to vindicate the splendor and grandeur of his motives. He foresaw that there must be an end to the war. In response to criticism of his conduct he said on April 18, 1862: "As early as a year since I already offered my life to assist in sustaining the government in the struggle to maintain the supremacy of the law; and if no other means were left, I would now gladly sacrifice the remnant of that life to restore to our distracted country such a peace as would bring with it the original strength and harmony of our glorious republic. That we must establish and prove the power and permanence of the general government is certain; but the sooner we can reconcile differences by avoiding ultraism, the greater the chance for our securing again a powerful and united nation."

His great heart made him kind; and his great mind, looking down the vista of years to come, saw that other conditions would arise when it would be possible for the men of the North and the men of the South to be reconciled to each other.

I come to say for the men of the South that, after half a century is gone, they hold the kindliest feeling toward this brave, honest, upright, noble, and humane gentleman, and that of all the monuments that the love of Southern men and women has erected, there is none coupled with more genuine pleasure and good feeling than this memorial in his native State in recognition of the philanthropy and humanity of Richard Owen. The people of the South now turn over to the State of Indiana this magnificent tribute to this man who came out of the storm of passion and prejudice and the misfortunes of war as one of the noblest, the truest, and the best of men, and we hope that this splendid memorial will have its influence on ages to come.

HON. W. W. SPENCER, OF INDIANA,

who introduced the resolution in the Indiana Legislature granting permission for the erection of the Owen Memorial in the State Capitol at Indianapolis. Mr. Spencer was helpful not only in the beginning, but on to the end. He is a graduate of Indiana University, was taught by Professor (Colonel) Owen, and is grateful personally for the tribute.

This letter, from the son of Colonel Owen, at New Harmony, Ind., is gratifying in its expressions of appreciation:

"Since my return I have been extremely busy, but felt all the while that I should write you expressing my supreme gratification over the unveiling exercises at Indianapolis on the 9th inst. The program was beautifully arranged and was most appropriate in its every feature. It was the most gratifying occasion of my life and thrilled me with a sensation never before experienced.

"I desire now, as the only surviving direct representative of my father, to express my profound appreciation and undying gratitude to the people of the Southland through the medium of that noble-hearted, unselfish, and patriotic Southern gentleman, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, for this magnificent and imperishable tribute to my father's memory, which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is without a parallel in the annals of war.

"I trust that the realization of your long-cherished dream may prove to be the crowning triumph of your life's work, as the world must receive and acknowledge it an event unique in history, actuated by the finest motives that ever influenced the heart of man. Assuring you of my deep and lasting friendship, I remain

"Sincerely and faithfully yours, Horace P. Owen."

COLD CHEER AT CAMP MORTON.

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Gardner, G. N., Nashville, Tenn		1 00
Gilfoil, J. H., Omega, La		2 00
Gillilan, C. W., Spring Creek, W. Va		2 50
Godwin, James, Fincastle, Va		1 00
Godwin, Mrs. E. D., Brentwood, Tenn		1 00
Gordon, R. H., New York		1 00
Gorgas, Col. W. C., Ancon, Canal Zone		7 00
Graham, W. M., Cedar Bluff, Miss		1 00
Granberry, J. A. H., Waverly Hall, Ga		1 00
Graves, Theo. H., Anderson, Tex		1 00
Gribble, M. V., Temple, Tex		1 00
Grimes, W. S., Wapello, Ia		5 00
Haman, P. A., Learned, Miss		1 00
Hammer, Dr. M. R., Newton, Ia		1 00
Harbaugh, T. C., Casstown, Ohio		1 00
Hardeman, Isaac, Macon, Ga		5 00
Hardie, W. T., New Orleans, La		5 00
Hardwick, C. H., Richmond, Va		2 50
Hargis, J. R., Taylor, Tex		1 00
Harris, C. S., Mebane, N. C		1 00
Harris, L. R., St. Louis, Mo		1 00

Harris, Miss E. S., Mebane, N. C.	$ 1 00
Hart, H. L., Troy, Tenn.	1 00
Harvey, George, Canton, Miss.	5 00
Hays, X. D., Kent's Store, La.	1 00
Heard, John T., Robinson, Ga.	1 00
Hearon, H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00
Hearon, Mrs. H. P., Bucatunna, Miss.	1 00
Heartsill, W. W., Marshall, Tex.	1 00
Heath, B. D., Charlotte, N. C.	1 00
Hemming, C. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.	1 00
Hentz, William, Hosford, Fla.	1 00
Herbert, Dr. R. N., Aspen Hill, Tenn.	1 00
Herbert, Hon. H. A., Washington, D. C.	5 00
Herring, C. H., Columbus, Ga.	5 00
Hewes, F. S., Gulfport, Miss.	2 00
Hill, A. B., Memphis, Tenn.	2 00
Hill, W. B., Petersburg. W. Va.	1 00
Hindman, T. C., Chapter, U. D. C., Lonoke, Ark.	1 00
Hinson, Dr. W. E., Charleston, S. C.	2 00
Holliday, J. D., Indianapolis, Ind.	2 00
Hopkins, M. A., Sheffield, Ala.	1 00
Hough, E. S., Manchester, Tenn.	2 50
Howcott, W. H., New Orleans, La.	35 00
Howe, Robert, Orlando, Fla.	1 00
Howell, F. A., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Humphrey, W. P., Gretna, La.	1 00
Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah, Tenn.	1 00
Jennings, R. H., Columbia, S. C.	1 00
Jett, W. A. L., Murray Hill, N. J.	1 00
Jewell, Gen. W. H., Orlando, Fla.	1 00
Johnson, J. T., Nowata, Okla.	1 00
Johnson, Mrs. Allen, Stilwell, Okla.	50
Johnson, M. L., Melrose, N. Mex.	2 00
Johnson, W. J., Ridgeway, S. C.	1 00
Johnston, Miss Mary, Richmond, Va.	5 00
Jones, George M., Springfield, Mo.	1 00
Jones, M. B., Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00
Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.	1 00
Jordan, J. W., Carrollton, Va.	2 00

Joyner, E. N., Lenoir, N. C.	$ 1 00
Kern, Mrs. J. W., Kansas City, Mo.	2 00
Kimberly, Miss Mary, Asheville, N. C.	1 00
Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark.	10 00
Kreig, Christian, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Latimore, J. M., Roxton, Tex.	1 00
Laverty, J. E., Carlsbad, N. Mex.	1 00
Lee, B. C., Coushatta, La.	1 00
Lee, C. H., Jr., Falmouth, Ky.	4 00
Lee, I. S., Mayersville, Miss.	2 00
Lee, W. F., Piedmont, S. C.	1 00
Lee-Jackson Camp, U. C. V., Lexington, Va.	1 25
Leetown Chapter, U. D. C., Kearneysville, W. Va.	1 00
Lester, Capt. J. H., Deming, N. Mex.	4 00
Lenoir, W. T., Sweetwater, Tenn.	5 00
Lenow, John H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Lewis, R. B., Longtown, S. C.	1 00
Lipscomb, H. G., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
Lipsey, R. C., Lexington, Miss.	1 00
Livingston, Mrs. M., Lockney, Tex.	1 00
Lockwood, George R., St. Louis, Mo.	2 00
Love, Mrs. C. A., Barboursville, W. Va.	1 00
Lowrance, N. L., Iowa Park, Tex.	1 00
Lucey, Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. M., Pine Bluff, Ark.	10 00
Macbeth, Mrs. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	1 00
Magnus, J. A., and wife, Cincinnati, Ohio.	10 00
Malone, W. M., Durant, Miss.	1 00
Manget, V. E., Dunedin, Fla.	1 00
Marshall, J. L., Perdue Hill, Ala.	1 00
Martin, Judge J. H., Hawkinsville, Ga.	1 00
Martin, Rev. P. T., Franklin, Tenn.	1 00
Mathis, A. J., Vernon, Tex.	50
Maury, Dabney H., Chapter, U. D. C., Wilmington, Del.	5 00
McCarys, R. P., Olive Branch, Miss.	1 00
McCaskey, T. B., Bucatunna, Miss.	50
McEwen Bivouac, U. C. V., Franklin, Tenn.	4 00
McLellan, Alden, New Orleans, La.	3 00
McPherson, Miss Eliza, Tupelo, Miss.	1 00

McShan, J. T., McShan, Ala	$ 1 00
Means, James, Columbus, Ohio	1 00
Miller, W. A., O'Brien, Fla	2 00
Miller, W. J., Burlington, Ia	6 50
Milner, W. J., Birmingham, Ala	1 00
Minnich, J. W., Grand Isle, La	1 00
Mizell, J., King's Ferry, Fla	10 00
Moon, W. H., Goodwater, Ala	1 00
Moore, A. J., Newbern, Ala	1 00
Moore, Miss E. I., Buda, Tex	1 00
Moore, Henry, Texarkana, Ark	2 50
Moore, W. S., Cane Hill, Ark	1 00
Morrisett, F. T., Newbern, Ala	1 00
Morrison, M. L., Kingston, Tenn	1 00
Morton, M. B., Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Morton, O. S., Richmond, Va	1 00
Mumford, C. B., Kansas City, Mo	3 00
Myers, J. M., Fishersville, Ky	1 00
Myers, Thomas J., Gastonia, N. C	1 00
Navarro Chapter, U. D. C., Corsicana, Tex	1 00
Newnan Chapter, U. D. C., Newnan, Ga	1 00
Newton, H. H., Bennettsville, S. C	1 00
Nolen, C. L., Huntsville, Ala	1 00
Norwood, J. P., Lockesburg, Ark	1 00
Noyes, J. William, New Orleans, La	6 00
Nutt, Mrs. L. A., Alva, Fla	2 00
Nutt, Miss Nannie, Alva, Fla	1 00
Oklahoma City Chapter, U. D. C., Oklahoma City, Okla.	1 00
Oltrogge, Mrs. E. T., Jacksonville, Fla	1 00
Ormond, J. F., Sumterville, Ala	1 00
Osborne, Hampden, Columbus, Miss	1 00
Paddison, J. R., Mt. Airy, N. C	1 00
Palmer, N. G., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Parker, Arthur, Abbeville, S. C	1 00
Parker, P. P., Washington, N. C	1 00
Parker, S. H., Philadelphia, Miss	1 00
Parsons, M. M., Camp, U. C. V., Warrensburg, Mo.	5 00
Paulett, S. W., Farmville, Va	1 00

Peachy-Gilmer-Breckinridge Camp, U. C. V., Fincastle, Va.	$ 1 00
Peak, W. D., Oliver Springs, Tenn	1 00
Pearce, Judge James A., Chestertown, Md	5 00
Peck, W. M., Sherman, Tex	1 00
Pepper, S. A., Memphis, Tenn	1 00
Phillips, Capt. Joseph, Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Pickett, George E., Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.	10 00
Pickin, C. L., Washington, D. C	50
Pirtle, Capt. J. B., Louisville, Ky	5 00
Pleasants, Edward, Richmond, Va	1 00
Polk, Dr. W. M., New York City	10 00
Porter, J. B., Harmony, Ark	1 00
Powell, Rev. L., Owensboro, Ky	1 00
Powers, L. A., Athens, Tex	1 00
Preston, John A., Ovalo, Tex	1 00
Price, J. M., Valley Head, Ala	1 00
Provine, R. N., Cole's Creek, Miss	1 00
Pryor, W. C., La Grange, Ky	1 00
Purcer, Luke, McMinnville, Tenn	2 00
Ray, B. F., Kosciusko, Miss	1 00
Reagan, Mrs. John H., Palestine, Tex	1 00
Redd, W. A., Dover, Mo	1 00
Redwood, W. F., Brooksville, Miss	1 00
Rhodes, Robert J., Whiteville, Tenn	1 00
Rice, James T., Iva, S. C	2 00
Riddle, George T., Pulaski, Tenn	1 00
Robb, E. C., Savannah, Ga	2 00
Robb, Mrs. A. W., Muskogee, Okla	1 00
Robinson, Mrs. B. S., Danville, Va	50
Robertson, Dr. J. J., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Rogers, B. H., Plantersville, Miss	1 00
Rogers, J. J., Tupelo, Miss	5 00
Rosamond, J. S., Durant, Miss	1 00
Rosenburg, Mrs. Mollie Macgill, Galveston, Tex	15 00
Ross, Dr. John W., Pasadena, Cal	5 00
Rothrock, G. M., Pulaski, Tenn	1 00
Rudd, J. D., Waskom, Tex	5 00

Rudisill, S. A., Arkadelphia, Ark	$ 1 00
Ruff, D. W., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Ruff, W. H., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Russell, H. A., Atlanta, Ga	1 00
Rutherford, Mrs. E. H., Versailles, Ky	3 00
Rutledge, J. S., Vernon, Tex	1 00
Sanders, Hon. Newell, Chattanooga, Tenn	20 00
Sandusky, Richard, Shelbyville, Tenn	2 00
Saunders, E. W., Red Bluff, Cal	2 50
Scott, J. A., Muskogee, Okla	1 00
Seagraves, James, Eaton Rapids, Mich	2 00
Seagraves, J. F., Middletown, Ohio	2 00
Setton, Emmett, Pulaski, Tenn	1 00
Shaifer, A. K., Port Gibson, Miss	1 00
Shannahan, J. K., Newcomb, Md	2 00
Sharkey, Clay, Jackson, Miss	1 10
Shaw, John H., Morton's Gap, Ky	50
Shaw, Mrs. Susie, Morton's Gap, Ky	50
Shearer, John, McCrory, Ark	1 00
Shepherd, William S., Columbus, Ga	5 00
Shipp, J. F., Chattanooga, Tenn	1 00
Simpson, John W., Bronston, Ky	1 00
Sims, T. H., Texarkana, Ark	1 00
Sinclair, G. Terry, New York City	1 00
Slocum, J. W., Gray, Ga	1 00
Smith, G. W., Chicago, Ill	1 00
Smith, Miss Jessica R., Henderson, N. C	2 00
Smith, J. F., Marion, Ark	1 00
Smith, J. F., Morgan, Tex	1 00
Smith, Judge C. J., Ridgeway, S. C	50
Smith, M. V., Luling, Tex	1 00
Smith, W. A., Ansonville, N. C	2 00
Smith, W. W., Garnett, S. C	1 00
Spurlin, W. H., Camden, Ala	1 00
Starr, J. B., Fayetteville, N. C	1 00
Stewart, Col. W. H., Portsmouth, Va	1 00
Stone, John B., Kansas City, Mo	6 00
Stone, Mrs. C. B., Galveston, Tex	2 00
Streigler, O., Menardville, Tex	1 00

Stuckey, D. H., Martinsburg, W. Va	$ 1 00
Sutherlin, W. K., Shreveport, La	2 00
Sweetman, M. A., Circleville, Ohio	2 00
Swinburne, A. C., Vernon, Tex	1 00
Sword, Marion L., Opelousas, La	1 00
Syms, S. Y., Peterstown, W. Va	1 00
Tavenner, L. N., Parkersburg, W. Va	1 00
Taylor, Mrs. John M., Lexington, Tenn	1 00
Teague, Dr. B. H., Aiken, S. C	1 00
Team, Dr. J. W., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Thayer, Albert, Indianapolis, Ind	2 00
Thomas, J. A., Center Point, Ark	1 00
Thomas, Mrs. Mary Blount, Washington, D. C	5 00
Thompson, A. R., Collinsburg, La	1 00
Thompson, R. H., Culpeper, Va	1 00
Thompson, W. A., Gurley, La	1 00
Thornton, Hon. J. R., Washington, D. C	10 00
Tilghman, Sidell, Madison, N. J	10 00
Townsend, Mrs. E. H., Corsicana, Tex	1 00
Towson, Gen. J. William, Shelbina, Mo	7 00
Trice, C. W., Lexington, N. C	1 00
Tyler, Judge C. W., Clarksville, Tenn	10 00
Tyler, Gen. H. A., Hickman, Ky	100 00
Vanmeter, C. J., Bowling Green, Ky	5 00
Varnadoe, J. O., Valdosta, Ga	1 00
Vaughan, John C., Chapter, U. D. C., Sweetwater, Tenn.	5 00
Wall, Dr. W. D., Slaughter, La	1 00
Warden, Capt. Jacob, Berryville, Va	1 00
Warden, J. M., Wardensville, W. Va	5 50
Waring, F. M., Charleston, S. C	1 00
Washington, Hon. J. E., Wessyngton, Tenn	5 00
Waties, Mrs. M. B., Tallahassee, Fla	1 00
Watson, C. William, Belvidere, Ill	2 00
Watson, G. W., Jefferson, Tex	1 00
Watson, Richard Vidmer, Belvidere, Ill	1 00
Watts, H. D., Americus, Ga	1 00
Watts, W. P., Waverly Hall, Ga	1 00
West, Capt. John C., Waco, Tex	5 00

Westbrook, M. L., Waco, Tex	$ 1 00
Weston, F. H., Columbia, S. C	1 00
Whetstone, W. D., Grandview, Ala	1 00
Whitehead, E. M., Denton, Tex	1 00
Whiteside, Miss Florence, Cleveland, Tenn	1 00
Whitsett, J. B., Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Wilder, E. G., Socrum, Fla	1 00
Williamson, Mrs. M. R., Nashville, Tenn	5 00
Wilson, C. B., Taylor, Tex	5 00
Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Savannah, Ga	2 00
Witt, R. R., Lexington, Va	1 00
Womack, Mrs. C. A., Chatham, Va	1 00
Womack, J. K., Eagleville, Tenn	2 00
Wray, C. P., Ridgeway, S. C	1 00
Wrenne, Thomas W., Nashville, Tenn	1 00
Wynn, B. L., Charleston, Miss	10 00
Wyeth, Dr. John A., New York	5 00
Yeakle, A. R., Washington, D. C	2 50
Young, B. H., Louisville, Ky	10 00
Total	$1,127 00

The memorial was valued at $3,000, but only the actual working expense, amounting to some $1,500, was charged.

SAM DAVIS.

SAM DAVIS.

THE STORY OF AN OLD-FASHIONED BOY.

Sam Davis was his name. He was born on a farm near the little town of Smyrna, Tenn. His parents were old-fashioned people, God-fearing, simple-mannered, neither rich nor poor; and Sam grew up in the quiet ways of the Southern country boy. Just as he had passed out of his teens, and was yet a big boy in face and spirit, he died on the gallows at Pulaski, Tenn., in the presence of Gen. Dodge's Corps of Federals.

Sam spent his boyhood days in the fields and under the great trees of his father's farm, companion with mocking bird and bee and butterfly, and with the patient brutes that serve the farmer's need. There was no hint of the hero to come in the peaceful, humdrum life of the farm. True, the war clouds were gathering above and the air was becoming electric with exciting speech and prophecy; and in every village was springing up a holiday soldiery, parading in glittering uniform to the sound of fife and drum.

Out of the tenseness of these stirring years that ushered in the great war Sam's strange heroism may have been fashioned; but I prefer to trace it back to the old-fashioned mother and father and the simple, sincere life of the boy of the Rutherford County farm. Somehow the old fable of Antæus's strength coming back to him only when in contact with mother earth is often confirmed in the strength and heroism of the men who have come to greatness from the life of the farm.

When the war finally came, and drum and fife and soldier in a twinkling were transformed into the machinery of real battle, Sam put aside his schoolbooks at Nashville, and bade good-by to the two teachers who, as Generals Bushrod Johnson and Edmund Kirby Smith, became distinguished soldiers of the Confederacy. He enlisted as a private in the 1st Tennessee Infantry, and soon found place of drudgery and danger in the army of General Bragg.

The life of the private soldier anywhere or at any time in real warfare is not a pathway of roses. Least of all, as the

writer of his own experience can testify, was it a place of comfort in the armies of the South. The flags that flashed forth their stars and bars so bravely were soon blackened by smoke and rent by bullet. The bright uniforms soon bore the marks of the clay hills and the camp fires and grew tarnished and torn. Even the martial music changed its note from the sparkle and rush of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" and the "Girl I Left Behind Me" to the minor tones of "The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena."

General Bragg, whatever criticism may be put upon his generalship, was an insistent fighter, and his men were used to being in the thick of battle. It was so with our boy Sam. The peace and beauty of the Smyrna farm gave place to the wearisome tramp, the pangs of hunger, the cries of the wounded, and the pale faces of the dead. Those who knew the boy speak much of his courage and faithfulness. "His record was such," writes one, "that when Bragg ordered the organization of a company of scouts by Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Sam Davis was chosen as one of the number because of his coolness and daring and power of endurance." Capt. H. B. Shaw was given command of these scouts, and the field of their earlier endeavor was Middle Tennessee, which in 1863 was practically in the hands of the Federals.

CAPTAIN SHAW.

Captain Shaw assumed a disguise within the Federal lines, posing as an itinerant doctor and bearing the name of "Dr. E. Coleman" among the Federals and of "Capt. E. Coleman, Commander of Scouts," among the Confederates, even in his official communications to General Bragg, this double deception being deemed necessary to the prosecution of his dangerous duty as a spy. Scout or spy, whatever the term applied, one who enters the lines of the enemy to secretly gather infor-

mation for use of the opposing army under the rules of warfare becomes a "spy," and if caught is executed as a spy. There is no mawkish sentiment in war, and small mercy is shown one who seeks to discover the secrets of the enemy.

But, as with Major André of the Revolution and with many others, the occupation of scout and spy is a necessity of warfare to which any soldier is liable and upon which no just odium can be cast. No soldier of the Revolution, from Washington down, condemned the gallant young officer who, under military law, died bravely as a spy. On the contrary, one who, under the hard usage of the camp, is commissioned as a military spy is usually chosen because of superior intelligence, courage, and devotion to his army and colors. His vocation is full of deadly peril by day and by night. If caught, he usually dies by the most ignominious death under conditions that inspire contempt in the spectators, to the end that swift judgment and odious death may deter men from seeking the office of the spy. Over his supreme self-sacrifice the epitaph is commonly written, "Died on the gallows as a spy," without those added words which justice demands: "Under military appointment and for his country's cause."

It fell to the lot of my Tennessee hero to be assigned to "Captain Coleman's Scouts" and given a place of peculiar difficulty and danger, soon to terminate in death. The appointing officer said it was the "boy's record" that gave prominence and promotion to one so young. He had learned as a country boy two hard lessons that few men learn in a lifetime: to fear nothing and nobody but God, and to obey orders. He had a peculiarly bright and winning way about him, an utterly fearless eye, a frank and gentle speech, and the self-poise of a great soul. Next to his God, above even his tender love for his mother and home, Sam cherished that old-time sense of "honor" so sacred among the traditions of the old South, when one's "word of honor" meant more than wealth or fame or life itself. Do not confuse this honor with that other folly of Southern hotspurs—the dishonor of the code duello, long ago in disgrace among the sons of those who condoned its brutality, the one thing in its defense being that by sight and sound of pistol it compelled a certain class of men to be more

circumspect in what they said and did. The honor which gives my hero place among the immortals was of the kind that sought not the life of another in revenge, but gave one's life in devotion to duty.

In November, 1863, the 16th Army Corps, under Gen. G. M. Dodge, was centered at Pulaski, Tenn., not far from the Tennessee River and the Alabama line. General Dodge had started from Corinth, Miss., to Chattanooga, Tenn., to reënforce General Grant. On all roads his cavalry kept sharp lookout, especially to break to pieces the Coleman band of scouts, who were here and there, watching every movement of the Federals, and by persistent and accurate reports to General Bragg were making havoc of General Dodge's peace and plans—so much so that the General put on its mettle the famous Kansas 7th Cavalry, nicknamed the "Jayhawkers," to run to earth and capture Coleman and his scouts. So active and alert was the entire corps that capture was at most a matter of a few days only.

SAM'S MOTHER.

Captain Shaw, alias Coleman, summoned Davis and committed to his care certain papers, letters, reports, and maps giving late and important news to General Bragg. In his shoes and in the saddle seat were hidden the dangerous docu-

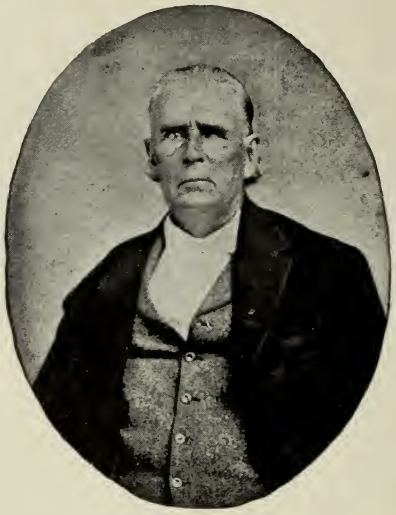
ments; and Sam, with Coleman's pass, started southward to Decatur, thence to take the "scout line" to the headquarters of General Bragg. His last route began and ended Thursday, November 19. Run down and arrested at the Tennessee River by the "Jayhawkers," along with other prisoners he was hurried to Pulaski, and by night was in jail. Elsewhere, on the same day, Captain Shaw himself was captured and imprisoned also in the town. Davis's papers and reports were placed in the hands of General Dodge, who twice had him brought to his headquarters, urging him in strong but kindly way to disclose the name of the one who had committed to him the captured papers.

It is worth while to know who General Dodge was, and what he thought of the young fellow whose life was now in the General's hands. Dodge was born in Massachusetts, and is yet living in Iowa, to which State at twenty he removed. At the breaking out of the Civil War he was made colonel of the 4th Iowa Infantry, and later brigadier general. He was a close and trusted friend of General Grant, and was chosen grand marshal of the Grant monument parade in New York

GROUP OF VETERANS WHERE SAM DAVIS WAS EXECUTED.

City in 1897. Ror many years after the war he was a resident of New York as capitalist of large affairs and citizen of distinguished ability.

As shown throughout the Davis tragedy, General Dodge was proven to have been a man of kindly spirit. Something about the Tennessee boy evidently touched the General's heart. Only recently he wrote at length to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, paying long-cherished tribute to Davis's memory. He says of him that "he was a fine, soldierly-looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal coat, an army soft hat, and top-boots; he had a fresh, open face, which was inclined to brightness; in all things he showed himself a true soldier; it was known by all the command that I desired to save him. I appreciate fully that the people of the South and Davis's comrades understand his soldierly qualities, and propose to honor his memory. I take pleasure in contributing to a monument to his memory." And with it came the General's personal check. Of Davis's arrest and trial he further writes: "I was very anxious to capture Coleman and break up his command." (General Dodge did not know, nor did any Confederate prisoner in the Pulaski jail give the slightest hint, that the "H. B. Shaw" captured the same day as Davis, and probably prisoner in the same building with him, was the veritable "Coleman" himself.) "I had Davis brought before me. His captors knew that he was a member of Coleman's Scouts, and I knew what was



SAM'S FATHER.

found upon him, and desired to locate Coleman and ascertain, if possible, who was furnishing information so accurate and valuable to General Bragg. Davis met me modestly. I tried to impress on him the danger he was in, and as only a messenger I held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE DAVIS HOME.

would answer truthfully my questions. I informed him that he would be tried as a spy and the evidence would surely convict him, and I made a direct appeal to him to give me the information I knew he had. He very quietly but firmly refused to do it. I pleaded with him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life. I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He replied: 'I know, General, that I will have to die; but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and if I have to die I shall be doing my duty to God and my country.'"

There was nothing more that General Dodge could do. A

military commission was convened within three days, which tried Davis and sentenced him as a spy to death on the gallows Friday, November 27, between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M.—one week from the day of his capture. You may be sure it was a long and lonely week to the brave boy, especially those last three days that intervened between his sentence and the day of doom. Somehow, though not strangely, there sprang up in all hearts an ever-increasing interest in one who by a single word could open the door of his prison, yet chose to die in place of another "for duty's sake." With "Coleman" probably in touch of his hand and sound of his voice, he gave no sign or hint of his identity. "He is worth more to the Confederacy than me," he said. I doubt it. The more I think of it after so many years have passed, the greater is the wonder that Shaw, alias Coleman, did not unmask and save the life of one who was sacrificing life for him. Hard by the light that will ever shine upon Sam's pale face is this shadow that lies heavy on the face of his Captain.

SAM'S GRANDMOTHER.

Again and again Federal soldiers sought Sam in his cell, pleading with him to disclose the informer's name and save his own life. Chaplain James Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, was his constant visitor and comforter, to whom the last messages and tokens were committed for delivery to his home. On the last morning, "for remembrance' sake," Sam gave him the Federal overcoat that his mother had dyed, which Mr. Young lovingly kept until, in his seventy-third year, not long before his death, he sent it to the

Confederate Veteran, saying: "My promised remembrance is fulfilled. I am seventy-three years old, and could not reasonably expect to care for it much longer. I have cut off a small button from the cape, which I will keep. The night before he died we sang together 'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,' and, as he desired, I was with him constantly, and at the end I prayed with and for him." Dear old Chaplain! He and Sam are together now under brighter skies with the Master whom they served.

Provost Marshal Armstrong, who had charge of prison and gallows, became Sam's ardent friend, and, rough soldier though he was, could scarcely perform his painful duty. Captain Chickasaw, Chief of Dodge's Scouts, also took a strong liking to the boy, and made a last effort to save him.

I have at my side a copy of a faded little war paper issued from the camp of Dodge's Corps, and it gives the Federal account of Davis's last hours on earth. "Last Friday," it reads, "the citizens and soldiery of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so terrible; and though sanctioned by its usages, it is no more than brave men in their country's service expose themselves to every day." Then it goes on with its generous tribute to the young hero whom the bravest soldier might look upon with pride even upon the gallows.

I do not like to draw the last living picture of my boy. But Friday morning came all too swiftly, and at ten o'clock sharp the drums were beating, the execution guard under Marshal Armstrong was marching to the jail, while the soldiers of the 16th Corps by the thousands, with muskets in hand, were being marshaled in line about Seminary Ridge, where the gallows was upreared in waiting. A wagon, with a rough pine coffin, on which Sam Davis sat, headed the march. In sight of his fellow-prisoners Sam waved his good-by with a smiling face, and at the gallows dismounted and sat under a tree, unfalteringly looking above at the swinging noose and around at the sympathetic faces of the soldiers.

"How long have I to live, Captain Armstrong?" he inquired.

"About fifteen minutes, Sam."

"What is the news from the front?" And Armstrong told

him of General Bragg's battle and defeat. "Thank you, Captain; but I'm sorry to hear it." And then, with one last quaver in his voice of loving remembrance of his comrades in gray: "The boys will have to fight their battles without me."

Captain Armstrong broke down. "Sam, I would rather die myself than execute sentence upon you."

"Never mind, Captain," was the gentle reply. "You are doing your duty. Thank you for all your kindness."

It was then that Captain Chickasaw came swiftly on horse, and, leaping to the ground, sat himself by Sam and pleaded in that last fierce moment of youth for the word of information that would send him to his home in freedom.

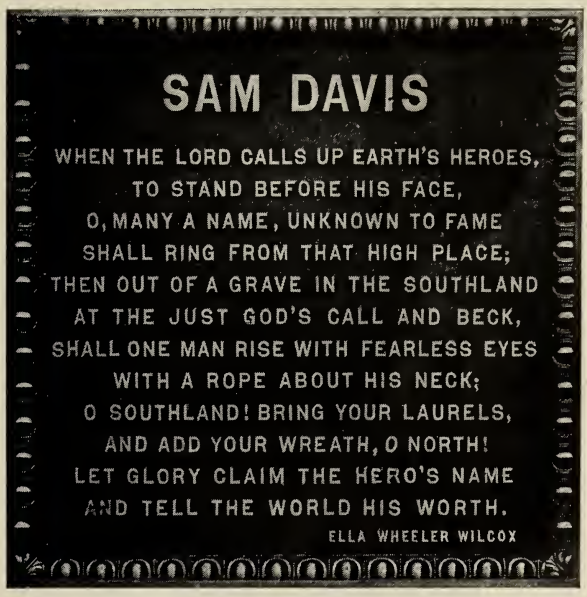
Sam arose to his feet and, with flashing eye and uplifted face, made his last answer: "No, I cannot. I would rather die a thousand deaths than betray a friend or be false to duty."

A Federal officer, who was looking into Sam's face, wrote of him long after in the Omaha Bee: "The boy looked about him. Life was young and promising. Overhead hung the noose; around him were soldiers in line; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps that would lead him to disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to so easily avoid. For just an instant he hesitated, and then put aside forever the tempting offer. Thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, in the midst of enemies, with courage of highest type, deliberately chose death to life secured by means he thought dishonorable!"

The steps to the gallows were firmly mounted, and Sam's last words, "I am ready, Captain," followed the Chaplain's prayer—when in a moment he had passed through the gates of death to take his place forever among the heroes of the Southland.

In his memory a costly and beautiful monument, surmounted by a bronze figure of the boy, is being erected in Capitol Park, in the heart of Nashville. From every State in the Union, from Blue and Gray, from rich and poor, the money to build the monument was contributed upon the plea of Editor S. A. Cunningham, of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, whose con-

ception it was; and many thousands will bow their heads on dedication day in loving memory of the hero of Tennessee. Sometime, when you are passing through Nashville, take a moment to look upon the noble bronze face, and then visit the old Smyrna home and in the garden see the grave of Sam as he sleeps by the side of his mother and father. And if you care to copy them into your scrapbook, take these words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox from the bronze tablet on the monument:


SAM DAVIS
WHEN THE LORD CALLS UP EARTH'S HEROES,
TO STAND BEFORE HIS FACE,
O, MANY A NAME, UNKNOWN TO FAME
SHALL RING FROM THAT HIGH PLACE;
THEN OUT OF A GRAVE IN THE SOUTHLAND
AT THE JUST GOD'S CALL AND BECK,
SHALL ONE MAN RISE WITH FEARLESS EYES
WITH A ROPE ABOUT HIS NECK;
O SOUTHLAND! BRING YOUR LAURELS,
AND ADD YOUR WREATH, O NORTH!
LET GLORY CLAIM THE HERO'S NAME
AND TELL THE WORLD HIS WORTH.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

[The Nashville American copies an article from the Pulaski Chanticleer of December 2, 1863. It was a paper edited by C. W. Hildreth and devoted to the interests of the left wing of the 16th Army Corps.]

Last Friday the citizens and soldiers of Pulaski witnessed one of those painful executions of stern justice which make war so horrible; and though sanctioned by the usages of war, it is no more than men in the service of their country expose themselves to every day. Samuel Davis, of Coleman's Scouts, having been found within the Federal lines with dispatches and mails destined for the enemy, was tried on the charge of being a spy, and, being found guilty, was condemned to be hanged between the hours of 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. on Friday, November 27, 1863. The prisoner was apprised of his sentence by Captain Armstrong, local provost marshal; and though somewhat surprised at the sentence of death, he did not manifect any outward signs of agitation.

Chaplain Young, of the 81st Ohio Infantry, visited the prisoner and administered spiritual consolation. The prisoner expressed himself resigned to his fate and perfectly prepared to die. He exhibited a firmness unusual for one of his age, and up to the last showed a lively interest in the news of the day, expressing regret when told of the defeat of General Bragg.

The scaffold for the execution of the prisoner was built upon the ridge, east side of town, near the seminary, a position which could be seen from any part of the town.

At precisely 10 A.M. the prisoner was taken from his cell, his hands tied behind him, and, accompanied by the chaplain of the 81st Ohio Volunteers, was placed in a wagon, seated upon his coffin, and conveyed to the scaffold. Provost Marshal Armstrong conducted the proceedings. At precisely five minutes past ten o'clock the wagon containing the prisoner and the guards entered the hollow square formed by the troops, in the center of which was the scaffold. The prisoner then stepped from the wagon and seated himself upon a bench at the foot of the scaffold. He displayed great firmness, glancing casually at his coffin as it was taken from the wagon. Turning to Captain Armstrong, he inquired how long he had to

live, and was told that he had just fifteen minutes. He then remarked: "We would have to fight the rest of the battles alone." [This awkward expression is evidently an error. A quotation from his associates is as follows: "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me."—EDITOR.]

Captain Armstrong: "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty."

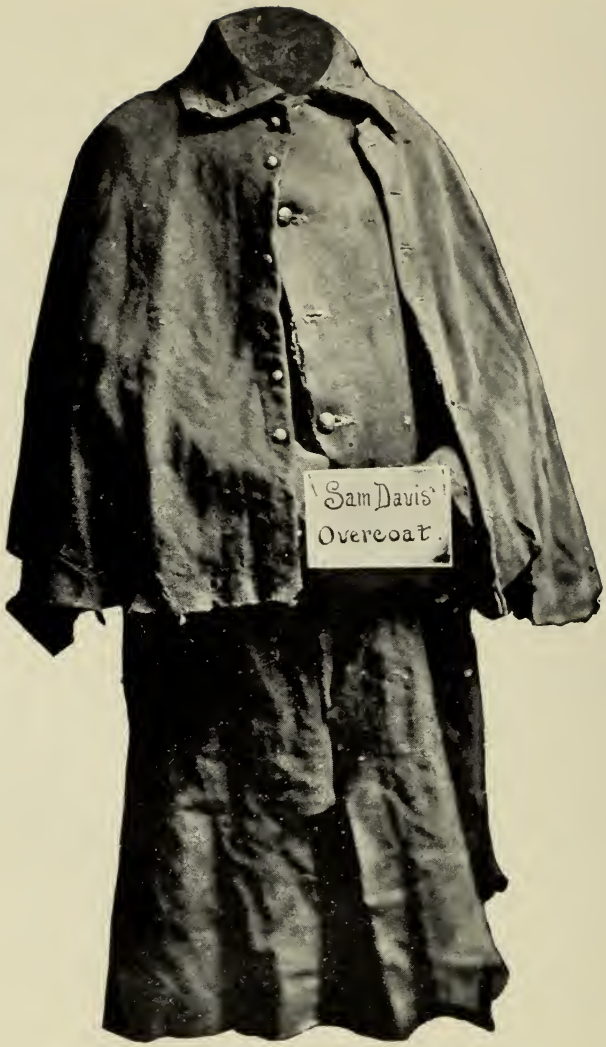
Prisoner with a smile: "It does not hurt me, Captain. I am innocent, though I am prepared to die, and do not think hard of it!"

Captain Chickasaw then asked the prisoner if it would not have been better for him to have accepted the offer of life upon the disclosure of the facts in his possession, when the prisoner answered with much indignation: "Do you suppose I would betray a friend? No, sir; I would rather die a thousand times first."

He was then questioned upon other matters, but refused to give any information which would be of service.

The prisoner then mounted the scaffold, accompanied by the chaplain, James Young, whom he requested to pray with him at his execution. The prisoner then stepped upon the trap, the rope was adjusted about his neck, and the cap drawn over his head. In a moment the trap was sprung, and the prisoner fell suspended in the air. For a few moments he struggled with his hands and feet; this was succeeded by a slight quivering of the body, which ceased at three and one-half minutes from the time he fell. After being suspended seventeen and one-half minutes, the officiating surgeon, D. W. Voyles, of the 6th Indiana Infantry Volunteers, pronounced the prisoner dead, and he was cut down and placed in his coffin. It was supposed from the protracted animation which the prisoner exhibited that the fall had not broken his neck and that he died by strangulation, but upon subsequent examination his neck was found to be completely broken.

So fell one whom the fate of war cut down early in youth and who exhibited traits of character which under other circumstances might have made him a remarkable friend and member of society.


Sam Davis'
Overcoat.